Aitchfield Enquirer.

Deboted to Nocal and General Intelligence, and the Interests of Litchfield County.

VOL.-XXXVI. NO. 50.

LITCHFIELD, CONN., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 1870.

The Litchfield Enquirer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING By JAMES HUMPHREY, Jr. On the third floor of the Enquirer Building,

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM: Village subscribers (by carrier,) and single

Postage Fans within this County. ADVERTISING :

Fourteen lines or less-1, 2, or 3 weeks....\$1 00 Each continuance thereafter, per week.... 20 Probate and other legal notices at the usual rates. Yearly advertisments at the following rates: One column, \$75; one-half column, \$87; one third column, \$25; one-fourth column, \$18. Business Notices not exceeding half a squar \$2 00 per annum. Obituary notices and Poetry, three cents a line

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

James Humphrey, Jr. PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTER and Publisher of The Litchfield Enquirer
Job Printing of all descriptions neatly and
premptly executed. Legal Blanks of the various
kinds, always on hand. Office in Bishop & Sedgwick's Building, West Street.

George M. Woodruff, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW A and Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York. Litchfield, Conn.

E. W. Seymour, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Henry M. Dutton,

A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Office in Court House, Litchfield, Conn. George A. Hickox, A TTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE IN EAST Street, directly opposite the Congregational Church, Litchfield, Conn.

Hollister & Champlin, A TTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW 52 William Street, corner Pine, New York.

E. HOLLISTER, JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, Jr.

Buckingham & Swift, A TTORNEYS AT LAW, NO. 169 BROADway, 3d Floor, Gilsey Building, corner of Courtland street, NewYork. JOHN M. BUCKINGHAM, FREDERICK B. SWIFT.
"Our Mr. Swift is Commissioner of Deeds for the various States, and Notary Public. Particutar attention is given to taking testimony, ac

Mansion House, S. SPENCER, PROPRIETOR, LITCHFIELD, 82.

Egbert Tompkins,

OYSTER AND BILLIARD SALOON. OYSfor sale in any quantity. Opposite Central Park,

R. Merriman,

CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER, HAS JUST received a good assortment of Jewelry and other desirable goods, which will be sold low. Clocks and Watches repaired, and jobbing don-Litchfield, July, 1860.

Robert M. Treat,

ANUFACTURER OF CORN SHELLERS, Churns, Safety Tug Irons, &c., Morris,

Wm. H. Braman, BEALER IN FOREIGN AND STAPLE DRY

Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glass Ware and Yankee Notions, No. 6 West Street, 1st doer west of the Court House, Litchfield, Conn. Bishop & Sedgwick.

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, READY MADE Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c., &c, West Street, Litche. B. BISHOP.

David C. Buckley, DEALER IN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE OF

all kinds and prices. Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads and Coffins. Also Picture Frames. Toilet Stands and Sofas made and sold with neatness, elegance and dispatch.
Warehouse, West St., Litchfield, Conn. 1y39 Norfolk Savings Bank

TS NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF osits. Deposits draw interest from the ROBBINS BATTELL. President.

A. G. PETTIBONE. Treasurer. Ambrotypes! Ambrotypes!

THESE POPULAR PICTURES ARE TAKEN with great success, and at a trifling expeuse, at JUDD'S GALLERY, No. 2 South street. Litchfield, Oct. 4, 1860.

E. Crossman, DENTIST, (SUCCESSOR TO C. M. HOOKER,)
Office in South street, over the Post

All operations on the Teeth carefully perform ed, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

other benumbing agents.
Business hours from 80'clock, A. M. to 6 o'clock
P. M. Office in the first building south of the

Manaion House, (up stairs.)
Sixteen years in the business—Thirteen in Litchfield, Conn. Litchfield, January 1, 1861.

C. S. Whaples, REPAIRER OF CARRIAGES AND WAGONS of all kinds, at the old shop of Wm. Rogers in West street. Particular attention paid to repainting and trimming. Also, new work made to order in the shortest possible time and at the cheapest rates for the ready rhino.

Sugars are Cheap. UST received, a new supply of Crushed, Pulverized, Coffee, Yellow and Brown Sugars— elling much below former prices, at

WAPANESE OLONG TEA. A choice article, the flavor and color, a drawn, resembles a fine Hyson—only to be dat WM. H. BRAMAN'S.

Poetry.

DAD IS GROWING OLD, JOHN.

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Ay, Dad is growing old, John,
His eyes are getting dim,
And years have on his shoulders laid
A heavy weight for him; But you and I are young and hale, And each a stalwart man, And we must make his load as light And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John, At cradle and the plow,
And earned our porridge by the sweat
That trickled from his brow; Yet never heard we him complain, What'er his toil might be, Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat Upon his solid knee.

But when our boy strength, came, John, And sturdy grew each limb, He brought us to the yellow field, To share the toil with him; But he went foremost in the swath, Tossing aside the grain Just like the plow that heaves the soil, Or ship that shears the main.

Now we must lead the van, John, Through weather foul and fair, And let the old man read and doze, And tilt his easy chair; And he'll not mind it, John you know, At eve to tell us o'er Those brave old tales of British times, Of Grand-dad and the War.

I heard you speak of Ma'm, John; 'Tis gospel what you say, That caring for the like of us Has turned her head so gray; Yet John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long and like A gleaming sheaf of grain !

Her lips were cherry red, John Her cheek was round and fair. And like a ripened peach it swelled Against her wavy hair, Her step fell lightly as the leaf From off the summer tree, And all day busy at the wheel She sarg to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John, Whene'er with willful step our feet The path forbidden trod; But to the heaven of her eye We never looked in vain, And evermore our yielding cry Brought down her tears like rain

But that is long agone, John, And we are what we are, And little heed we, day by day, Her fading cheek and hair. Ah! when beneath her faithful breast The tides no longer stir, We had no friend like her.

Sure, there can be no harm, John, Thus speaking softly o'er The blessed names of those, ere long Shall welcome us no more Nay, hide it not-for why shouldst thou An honest truth disown ? Remembering it has flown.

For Dad is growing old, John, His eyes are getting dim, And Ma'm is treading softly down The dim descent with him. But you and I are young and hale, And each a stalwart man, And we must make their path as smooth And level as we can.

> SPRING BY ALFORD TENNYSON

Dip down upon the northern shore, O sweet new year, delaying long; Thou does expectant nature wrong, Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays, thee from the clouded noons, Thy sweetness from its proper place; Can trouble live with April days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire, The little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew, Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long, Delayest the sorry in my blood That longs to burst a frozen bub, And flood a fresher throat with song. Now fades the last long streak of snow;

Now burgeons every maze of quick About the flowering squares, and thick By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drowned in yonder living blue The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea, The flocks are whiter down the vale, And milkier every milky sail

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives In yonder greening gleam, and fly The happy birds, that change their sky To build and brood, that live their lives. From land to land; and in my breast

Spring wakens too; and my regret Becomes an April violet, And buds and blossoms like the rest.

GARIBALDI ONCE LIVED IN CINCINNATI.-It may not be uninterresting to know that Garibal-di, the leader of the insurrectionists of Rome, once kept a public house on Sixth street, be-tween Plum and Western Row, in this city. tween Plum and Western Row, in this city.—

Bentistry.

Dentistry.

B. E. W. BLAKE, WOULD CALL THE attention of his patrons to his superior mode of filling Teeth with pure gold, which renders further decay next to impossible. He would also ask them to look at his superior Single Gum mode of filling feeth with pure gold, which renders further decay next to impossible. He would also ask them to look at his superior Single Gum Teeth; also to his Premium Continuous Gum Teeth; also to his Premium Continuous Gum Teeth—the best in use.

The strictest attention given, as usual, to the careful yet Expeditious Extraction of Teeth with or without the use of Chloroform, Ether and good management in this city, he made money, and when he left for Italy, he remarked that his

Miscellany.

A WINTER STORY. A winter story.

A cold night! The wind, as sharp as a Daimascus scimetar, cut through the fine chinks in the windows, causing my mother to continually change her seat to avoid what she calls the draught; but as the draught comes everywhere, she is at length fain to come to a settlement close to the mantle-piece, where she keeps cutting out mysterious hexagons and rhomicutting form some lines stuff hereafter to be old man twitled his mountaine as it thawed in boids from some linen stuff, hereafter to be united by cunning fingers into some wonderful article of female apparel. My two sisters are playing chess. Fanny triumphantly over a check-mate, leans back on her chair, and watches with an air of proud pity the cogitative countenance of Lizze, whose little brain is thropbing with a thousand strategory. is throbbing with a thousand stratagems by which to extricate her unhappy queen from the impending disaster. I, wrapped in all the dignity of nineteen years, am absolutely smoking a cigar in the sacred chamber (a privilege awarded to me on rare occasions by my mother, who would generally dismiss me to my room who would generally dismiss me to my room. who would generally dismiss me to my room the moment I displayed an Havana), and reading Sir Thomas Brown's poetic essay on Urn Burial. There is a solemn quiet reigning Burial. There is a solemn quiet reigning through the room. The pine logs on the hearth fling out spasmodic jets of fire, and hiss like wounded snakes. as the bubbling, resinous juice oozes out from each gaping split. The click of my mother's sciszors snaps momentuously and at regular intervals. The wind screams wildly outside and clatters at the window pane, as if it was cold and wanted to come in.-Through the dusty panes themselves, half revealed by the partially drawn curtains, glimmer the snowy uplands, and on the crest of the ghastly hill a bare old oak lifts up its naked arms like an angel Niobe frozen in an attitude of sorrow. The smoke of my cigar goes curl-ing ceiling-ward in concentric rings of evanes-cent vapor, and I am whispering sentences with which the old knight of Norwich terminates his chapters, and which, after one has read them, reverberate and echo in the brain, when --rat-tat---there comes a faint, irresolute knock at the door. My mother shuts her scissors, and looks up inquiringly, as much as to say, "Who in Heaven's name is out on a night like this? The chess players are immovable, and it seems as if an earthquake would be a matter of indifference to them. I

lay down my book and go to the door. I open it with a shiver and a resolution to be cross and uncivil; the wind rushes triumphantly in with a great sigh of relief, the moment the first clink appears, and I look out into the bitter, ghastly night.

What a strange group stands on the pizza! Winter seems to have become incarnate in human form, and with the four winds as his

companions, come to pay us a visit.

There is a tall old man, with a long, gray moustache, which, as it hangs down his jaws. the rude wind snatches up, and swings about and pulls insolently, as if it knew he was poor and could be insulted with impunity. He looks bitterly cold! His long, arched nose is as the sky above him, in which the stars twinkle so which a few remnants of braid flutter sadly. like the shreds of a vine that hang on walls in winter-time, which they in the golden summer have wreathed with glossy leaves so splendidly. He holds a shivering child in his arms-a little,

frozen intricacies, burst out from a most remarkably shapeless bonnet, a shawl, so thin piano with it. that it must have been woven by spiders; another little, shivering child clasped in her arms and carefully enveloped in the poor, old shawl, though one can see by her blue neck and thin dress that she is sacrificing herself to keep the little one warm. A huge umbrella dangles from one of her hands, and which she leans on occasionally with great dignity, and the ice picture is complete. But the main picture is not yet finished. A girl about ten years old, standing a little back. clings to her

cold air at a moment's notice.
"Who are you, and what do you all want? I said, in a gruffy voice; for the wind blew bitterly on my cheek, and I made up my mind to be

The old man inclined his head slightly and

We are Poles." he said, in excellent English with a slight foreign accent; "we wish to go to Boston, which we hear is but one day's journey from this, but we don't know where to lodge to-night—we are here to ask you for a night's shelter." "Pooh!" said I, swinging the door almost to;

"we don't know nothing about you—we never admit beggars. We cannot do it." The man fell back a pace or two and looked at the little woman. Heavens! how full of despair those great eyes seemed just at that moment! I saw his arm tightened convulsively round the little, shivering child in his arms.-A sluggish, half-frozen tear rolled down that blue nose of his. He brushed it away with fully to the little woman, who clutched her umbrella firm!y, and then turned to depart without a word. As the door was being slowly closed, he shook his head once or twice, and said in a very slow tone—"God help me!"

These words had scarcely been spoken when I felt a slight touch on my shoulder. "George," said my mother, "call those peo

ple back. I never felt so relieved in all my life. When that old man turned away in silence at my sud-den refusal to his prayer, disdaining to address himself to me, but whispering to God for mercy, a pang of remorse shot through my heart; I would have given worlds to have called him back, but the hideous, sullen pride which has through life chained up my nature until it has become like a cooped bear, put a padlock on my lips. How glad I was when my mother came and dissolved the bonds with a touch. "Come back," I said, "my friends; we wish

to speak with you." I am sure my voice must have really been

to them in a wonderful language, supposed to be the tongue commonly spoken by infants, the foundation of which is substituting the let-ter d for the letter t, and shooting all the l's and

preparation of a sleeping-room and a liberal meal for the wayfarers; and she gazed at me, as I stirred up the fire with immense energy (between ourselves, I tried to bustle off the recollection of that cruel speech with which I first met their appeal), and made her husband sit down so close to it, that his legs were nearly scorched through his threadbare trousers and so continually gazing at every one. until at last she could stand it no longer, and throwing herself on my astoniahed mother's neck, she sobbed out a heap of Polish blessings, that if there is any virtue in benedictions, will certainly cannonize her when she dies.

I swear to you, that when all was ever, and they were sleeping soundly, I went into a remote corner and wept bitterly for the wrong I had so nearly done.

Well, they staid with us that night and the

frosty morning we all sailed down to the depot, and saw them off on their journey, and I tell you there was a waving of hands and Polish gesticulations, and far, far away in the distance we could catch a glimpse of that great umbrella, which the little woman still flourished by way of a farewell.

We heard nothing of our Polish friends for a whole year. Often, by the fireside, we could talk about them, and our neighbors sneed at us and wondered if our spoons were safe, and moralized upon foreign imposture and ingratitude. My mother got much for her charity, but none of us minded, for there was something so true in the ways and manner of those poor wanderers, that it would be impossible to dis-

Well, Christmas came. Winter again; snow, yule logs glowing fiercely on the hearth, and mistletoe and ivy swinging merrily in the hall. Again the uplands were sheeted in white; again the old oak was naked and sorrowing; again we were seated around the fireside, listening to the roaring of the wind as it tore over the hills like a mad steed. In the midst of a deep silence that fell upon us all, there came a rat-tat tat .-It was strong, determined and eager. I went to the door. I had scarcely unbarred it, or taken a peep at the new comer, when it seemed as if a whirlwind, with a bonnet on its head, scoured clearly, and he has on a scanty little coat, on past me and swept into the parlor. The next moment I heard a great commotion. Sobbing and laughing, and broken English, all swept along as it were in a cataract of Polish. It was the little, pale woman with the great ey s .-No longer pale though. but with ruddy cheeks; shivering child that trembles most incessently, and tries, poor thing, to put its head in the scanty, threadbare folds of that insufficient coat. By the side of this par is another effigy of poverty and winter.

A small, pale, delicate woman, with great, blue eyes; profuse hair, which, matted in frozen intricacies, burst out from a most respectively.

And she had said to herself that on Christmas she would come and speak her gratitude to the blessed lady who had sheltered her and her little ones; so she sat off in the cars, and here she was. And then she commenced pulling things out of her pockets. Christmas presents for us all! There was a scarlet fortune-teller for Lizzie, a curious card-case for Fanny, and a wonderfully embroidered needle-case for my mother; and there was a beautiful umbrella fer Mr. George, she intimated, producing an enormous parachute. She knew he would like it, with the other she tries to keep something that looks like a pair of trousers wrapped round her neck. She is shadowy and pale, and seems like northern mirage, ready to dissolve into she was ashamed, it was so old. But this was a

new one and very large!

And then she kissed us all round, and pro duced an elaborate letter from her husband to my mother, in which she was compared to Pen-elope and one or two other classical personages, and told us everything that had happened to them since they had left us, until, having talked herself into a state of utter exhaustion, she went off to her bedroom, where she was heard pray-ing in indifferent English, that we might ascend into Heaven without any of the usual difficul-

they make quite a respectable income. And every Christmas sees her arrival with presents for the blessed lady, and her eyes and her grati-

tude are as large as ever.

It is you see a simple Winter Story.

THE MAIN CHANCE.-Many readers will remember the ancedote of the unfortunate indi-vidual, who while being afflicted with a terrible boil upon one of his joints, undertook to descend to his cellar with a favorite family pitcher to draw some cider. He slipped upon the stairs and fell to the bettom, breaking his carbuncle, and uttering at the same time a scream of agony. His affectionate wife rushed to the cellar and exclaimed at the top of her voice, "Oh, Richard! have you broken the pitcher?" "No," answered the indignant and growling sufferer, with an imprecation which it is not necessary to insert here, "but I will," and suiting the action to the words he flung the prized pitcher against the cellar wall, sanahing it to pieces. A parallel to the thrifty Yankee wife, who was so much of one nearly related to the unlucky yet lucky of the cellar with a sale was not of one nearly related to the unlucky yet lucky and the thrifty Yankee wife, who was so much of one nearly related to the unlucky yet lucky and the thrifty Yankee wife, who was so much of the center of t the cellar wall, smashing it to pieces. A paral-lel to the thrifty Yankee wife, who was so much

Kansas, says that for the first time in his life, he is without an overcoat and a pair of gloves.

The inference is that he made his entrance into this world-anveloped in those useful articles of that some of them may turn out high strung gen-

LOVE, LUNACY AND LUCK : OR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ON THE WAG OF A

ALLIGATOR'S TAIL. We have in our time heard a good many tough fish stories, and among others that of the "strange fish," recently caught at Chicot Pass, in this state, which "appeared to be a cross be-tween the alligator and shark," and had in his stomach \$3,07 in small change, together with a stout bowie knife, a revolving pistol, and other

articles of a fillibustering character.

That many of these tales are mere piscatory fictions, we have always held since our arrival at man's estate, and now, that truth is considera-bly stranger than fiction, we shall proceed, with due soberness, to show. A few years ago Jarvis Wright was one of the

shrewdest and most successful of the "traders"

in the Choctaw Nation. In early life he had left the granite hills of New England, and wended his way towards the setting sun. His money making instincts were pretty strongly developed, and in his race for wealth he forgot the strong affectional wants of his nature, and so while growing rich he grew old, and was known throughout the nation as the rich old bachelor. Now it so happened that in things theological, the heart of Jarvis, during his wanderings

unually by the Christians of the North. Among the missionaries who visited the Choctaw wilds during the year 185—, there was one who had a daughter whom he loved passing well. Jarvis saw her, and he, too, soon loved Among the missionaries who visited the her with no common love. It was; indeed, strange to witness the effect of the tender passion on that hardened unbeliever. Time, which was supposed to have blunted and almost dead-ened all the finer sensibilities of his human organism, had been only concentrating their essential fires, even as the spirit in a cider barrel is concentrated and strengthened by the frosts

which render its exteriors cold and icy.

So the love of Jarvis, in its wild vehemen was a riddle to the men and maidens of the Choctaw tribe, and even the traders wondered. Jarvis in love! So strange was the idea as to be considered ridiculous, and most of his old friends concluded that his brain was getting turned. And so, as the diverse facts too often have it, Jarvis' angel proved unkind. The richly freighted bark of his hopes was shipwrecked, and "a rooted sorrow" settled on his soul. Fair daughter of the missionary! She never for a moment thought that her mission was to wed the rough and heretical, though rich old bachelor, while younger and more attractive gallants were suing for the favor of a smile. She refused him, and he became incontinently crazed, and moped and wandered, still talking but of her.

At length his friends concluded to bring him to this wayward city of New Orleans, where several of his relatives reside, and after spending a few months here, the demented lover began to e as wild and wandering as ever.

As he was perfectly harmless, even when the fit was on him, he was transferred to a plantation at Terre Bouf, where he was allowed the guage of the poet Silversmith. We have lost new idea—the mission of his life. He thought that if he could only catch and tame a live-alligator, the star of his fortune would again rise in the amphibious creature he would find a "guice, philosopher and friend."

With all the "method" of his madness he sat when the registration of his wild idea and one when the registration of his wild idea and one.

about the realization of his wild idea, and one | craw? No sir; you might as well try to stuff day, about six weeks ago, he captured a juvenile butter in a wild cat with a hot awl. (Continued monster of the class he sought, and commenced at once to cultivate with it a kindly, social inat once to cultivate with it a kindly, social intimacy. No more did he visit the distant bayous; for to the wants of his new found friend out; for to the wants of his new found friend est, perhaps that ever rose, reigned, or fell. But ous; for to the wants of his new found friend est, perhaps that ever rose, reigned, or fell. But he devoted all his time and attention. Scarcely, indeed, did he speak to any one else, but when he did, it would be the same parrot phrase; "The man that's lucky enough to catch and tame a live alligator can draw a prize in the Havanna pose of hewing down the guarded trunks of error and clearing out the brushwood of ignorance letters." This he would propose to the same parrot place to the same pa

the mysterious reptile's eye brightened, and his tail wagged wisely. And Jarvis interpreted the cabalistic wag as a sign to buy, and forthwith he bought the ticket and went home rejoicing.

Two days afterward the drawing tableau of the Havanna lottery arrived, and strange as it.

Two days afterward the drawing tableau of the Havanna lottery arrived, and, strange as it may appear, the ticket selected by the approving wag of the alligator's tail was down for the \$20,000 prize. The story may appear improbable, but it is no more strange than true, as several respectable merchants on Carondelet street, who are familiar with the facts, and the members of the commercial firm on Camp street. where the money has since been deposited can attest. Indeed, we have the story from the lips of one nearly related to the unlucky yet lucky Jarvis. Nordid the luck of the alligator hunter and with the drawing of the prize. Recent.

peor, dear wife with arsenic, and it was confi-dently hoped and expected that he would be ex-ecuted, as the facts of the case were very clear

In the game of life men frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.

SPEECH OF GENERAL RILEY. In the House of Representatives, of Missouri

After a long and heated discussion on the ref-erence of a bill amending the charter of the City of Carondelet to a standing Committee of the

Mr. Riley obtained the floor, and addressed

Mr. Speaker: Everybody is a pitching into this matter like toad frogs into a willow swamp, on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, etherial atmospheric

a delicious nood the thin, etherial atmospheric air. (Applause.) Sir, I want to put in a word, or perhaps a word and a half.

There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is to be any fighting to be done, come on with your corn-cobs and lightning bugs! (Applause.) In the language of the ancient Roman.

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly From its firm base-in a pig's eye."

Now it so nappened that in things theological, the heart of Jarvis, during his wanderings and money gatherings, became hardened, and in all matters of religious faith he was voted heterodex. In fact, he was almost as heretical as the heathen Choctaws, with whom it was his great and magningent question—like a sponge, Sir—a short sponge, Sir—a large unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water—it sucks up everything. Sir, I stand here with the weapons I have designated, the heathen Choctaws, with whom it was his great and magningent question—like a sponge, Sir—a shall down hear or gather about the foremothers? Didn't they land on a rock too? Didn't they encounter hardships? And after all, didn't they with their kind hearts and warm arms, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions. boast to drive skilful "traders," and for whose spiritual benefit missionaries were sent out annually by the Christians of the North the debate has assumed a latitudinory. We

Why sir, just give some of 'em a little Southern soap and a little Northern water, and quicker than a hound pup can lick a skillet they will make enough buncombe-lather to wash the golden flock that roams abroad the azure meads of heaven. (Cheers and laughter.) I allude to the starry firmament.

The Speaker-The gentleman is out of order. Ie must confine himself to the question. Mr. Riley—Just retain your linen if you please.
I'll stick to the text as close as a pitch plaster to pine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam rock.— Cries of "Go on," "You'll do.")

I want to say to these carboniferous gentle-men, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these pereginnous volcances, come on with your combustibles! If I don't—well, I'll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose quill. (Laughter and applause.) Perdemonstrators, these pereginnous volcanoes, goose quill. (Laughter and applause.) haps you think I am diminitive tubers and sparse in the mundame elevation. You may discover,

To be scared by a cricket."—(Applause.) Sir, we have lest our proper position. Our roper position is to the zenith and nadir our heads to the one, our heads to the other, at our in different directions, the former to insert an advertisement, the latter to purchase a love in existence, but with the changes of an hour, agree arch of the latter of the latter to purchase a love azure arch of the lustrous firmament, bright with of a bonnet. his fit of love-lunacy would return, and he would the corruscations of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled stud-horse on a county-

privilege of hunting. And in due time hunting alligators among the bayous and lagoons became the favorite pastime of the love-born Jarvis, and it was hoped that eventually he would wholly forgot how unsuccessful he had been when hunting for a wife. But now a new mania seemed to seize him. Of k lling alligators he had become tired, but to catch and tame one was his new idea—the mission of his life. He thought that if he could only eatch and tame a live-al-

lottery." This he would repeat, not only to the people of the house where he resided, but to his alligatorship, a thousand times and a thousand times again.

After several days consultation with his scaly friend. Jarvis determined one fine morning to

After several days consultation with his scaly friend, Jarvis determined one fine morning to visit the city, buy a lottery ticket, and prove his luck. So he engaged a passage for himself and alligator on the Mexican Gulf Railroad cars and came. After arriving, he went straightway to a merchantile house, where his money is deposited, drew \$10. and commenced his search around the city for a ticket that his saurian counsellor would be satisfied with. Long and weary was the search. To a hundred shops the alligator was carried, and the wares of a hundred ticket vendors were submitted to him before he maniwas carried, and the wares of a hundred ticket stone, instead of their hardware. (Applause.)—
I am mighty afraid the machine is a going the disk wife more closely. He offered to make the stop. The grease is giving out thundering fast.

I am mighty afraid the machine is a going the wife more closely. He offered to make the stop. The grease is giving out thundering fast.

It is beginning to creak on its axis. Gentlemen it is my private opinion, confidentally expressed, the door, and invited Mr. Blank into the room.

Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocutoriness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly, but if anybody gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way.

Dr. J. H. Rowe, supposed to have been murdered at Oxford, Ind., three years ago, arrived there a few days ago from Illinois, much to the delight of a man named King, who was in iail awaiting his trial for the murder. jail awaiting his trial for the mur

Special religious services are now held in London conducted in the Gelic language.

OUR FOREMOTHERS.

We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Perfect bricks in their way. Good to work, eat, or fight. Very well. But where are their companions—their "chums"—who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who unpetticoated themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yandee Doodle to their babes—who trained up their boys? Our foremothers. Who landed at James River, and came over in the Mayflower, and established other early settlements? Were there women among them? One would think not Our Yankee neighbors especially make a great talk about the Pilgrim Fathers who squatted on Plymouth Rock, and there is a wonderful ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves by crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion. And our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too like to plume them-Now, there has been a great deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from "Alpha" to "Omega." (I don't understand the meaning of the words, though.) Sir, the question to refer, is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge. Sir—a what do we hear or gather about the foremothers? in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hourse, and write ourselves round shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm about the nice things our forefathers did; and yet nothing is said about our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own. Besides, we forget to remember that if it had not been for our foremothers, we ourselves would not be here to know, and be proud of, what our forefathers did. We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old boys, our forefathers, say we. May the glory of their deeds never be less; but the Good Book tells us to "render unto Cæsar," etc , and we wish to speak a word in season

> ever from our memories .- Banner of the Cove-AMUSING ADVENTURE AT A HOTEL—A TRAVEL-ER'S WIFE MAKES A SAD MISTAKE.—Among the passengers who arrived from Pittsburg, on the train on Tucsday morning, were Mr. Blank and lady, the latter being one of the most beautiful creatures we have ever seen, except in a picture frame. Arriving at the — hotel, Mr. Blank and lady refreshed themselves, and then started

Having effected her purchase, Mrs. Blank returned to the hotel and ascended to her parlor on the third floor, in order to try on that " of a bonnet." Her room was No. 61. No. 61

Mrs. Blank pointed to the terrified Mr. A. and said "herrid man." Mr. Blank said something about heart's blood, villain, and revolver, and rushed out of the room. Mr. A hearing "heart's blood" spoken in so disrespectful a manner, fell back upon his resources, locked and bolted the ing his bureau against the key hole. In ment Mr. Blank returned, in company with two Colt's revolvers and a cheese knife. The mo-ment he kicked against the panels, Mr. A. halloed for help, and in less than no time the pro prietor was on the spot.

ed the surprised proprietor, panting with the ex-ertion of running up stairs. "Scoundrel in my room!" gasped Blank, "in-sulted my wife—take his life or perish in the at-

tempt!"
"Your room sir!—this is not your room!— This room belongs to Mr. A. a high-toned genleman, who has resided for years in the and would no more insult a lady than pick pocket."

" Possible ?" said Mr. Blank, looking very fool-"Certainly, it's possible. If you'll look at your key, you'll see that your room is on the floor above."

Mr. Blank saw his mistake, and blamed him self for getting into a passion before he question-Mr. Blank ordered the champagne, and the scene closed by swearing eternal amity all round, land-lord included.

legitimate causes.

IN THE WRONG Box .- An unmarried lady, a perfect specimen of an old maid, being on a visit to a friend who lived in a large manufacturing

worse," hysterically sobbed the old maid, I've been churched?"—London Journal. Louisiana has a fancy block of marble at the Washington monument, to enter into the construction of that barbarous pile, with the following inscription on its side: "Presented by the State of Louisiana—ever faithful to the Constitution and the Union." A beautiful and appropriate grave stone, that will make.